

**ZION'S HERALD.**  
PUBLISHED BY  
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston,  
A. S. WEED, AGENT.  
BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.  
EDWARD A. MANNING, Assistant.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Price \$2.50. Payable in Advance.

Specimen Copies Free.

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A CHURCH-MEMBER.

BY CLARA J. LOOMIS.

She sank on the pew's soft cushions,  
And drew off a dainty kid,  
That the gump upon her fingers  
Perhaps might not hid!  
She shook out a cobweb kerchief,  
With its cloud of perfume sweet,  
And was ready now in the temple  
Her Master and Lord to meet!

Her hands were ablaze with jewels,  
And round her neck they shone,  
And each fair wrist was circled  
With a glittering golden zone.  
A luminous diamond dow-drop,  
Pendant from a clasp ear,  
Glowed like a rising sunbeam  
Frozen into a tear.

One precious, beautiful emblem  
Upon her breast she wore —  
A cross — an elegant trinket,  
The heaviest cross she bore!  
Up rose the pale young preacher,  
And "let us pray," he said;  
My lady bowed devoutly,  
With air and mien well-bred.

A missionary sermon  
Announced the preacher then,  
Nor suffered chronic slumberers  
To doze or nod again.  
A dash of indignation  
Mixed with his words of zeal,  
His eloquence compelling  
Their strong hearts to feel.

"Four hundred million of heathen  
Reach out their eager hands  
For the bread of life, the gospel,  
In their benighted lands.  
Thousands of blind readers  
To India might be sent,  
If thus, my sisters, only  
Your jewelry were spent.

"Immortal souls are starving;  
And do ye even heed  
The piteous plaint ascending,  
In your insatiate greed?  
Wrapt in your selfish garments,  
A Pharisee robe,  
Have ye done ought to lessen  
The sin that belt the globe?

"For O, your tastes are morbid;  
And false and vain your pride;  
Luxurious ease enthralls you,  
Unhallowed wants, beside;  
Unworthy aims are cheating  
The Master of His due;  
Women of Methodism,  
Sad is the charge, but true!

"O, would our Christian women  
With but devotion meet,  
Strip of their senseless baubles,  
And cast them at His feet  
To whom belongs the treasure  
Of earth and mine and sea,  
How long before the nations  
To Him would subject be?

"The gold that now bedecks  
Dear woman's lovely form,  
Would send the truth to millions —  
Would feed, and clothe, and warm,  
Would civilize, enlighten,  
And lead soon the whole —  
Would give the world salvation,  
From tropic to the pole."

My lady sat and pondered;  
Herself, for once, forgot;  
Through all that peacock splendor —  
The random arrow shot,  
Nor dreamed the modest marksmen —  
Where struck the winged dart —  
How torpid was the conscience —  
How cold the worldling's heart.

Complacent air all vanished;  
A blush of tardy shame  
Crept up her haughty features,  
And dyed her cheeks like flame.  
With soul so sadly humbled,  
She dared not even pray,  
One devotee of fashion,  
At least, went home that day.

For, though her only ido:  
Was style and gorgeous dress,  
Her all-embracing error  
Consummate selfishness,  
Her name was on the church-books —  
Of Methodism, too;  
And "over true" the picture.  
Dear sister, was it you?

DEFENSE OF CRAMER. — The wrath of man must be measured by his life, not by his failure under a single and peculiar trial. The Apostle, though forewarned, denied his Master on the first alarm of danger; yet that Master, who knew his nature in its strength and its infirmity, chose him for the rock on which He would build His church. — Froude.

# ZION'S HERALD

BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

## ZION'S HERALD.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

First Insertion (Agate matter), per line.	20 cents
Each continued insertion	" 30 "
Three months, 12 insertions	" 16 "
Six months, 24 " "	12 "
Twelve months, 48 " "	14 "
Business Notices, " "	35 "
Reading, " "	50 "

No Advertisement published for less than one dollar.

No Advertisement will be taken without a personal inspection by the editor.

Cats will only be taken by special arrangement.

ALONZO S. WEED.

Publishing Agent,

36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

price they demand when she is to be only second or third. The concubines, or second wives, are not married by the same ceremony that the first wife is. They are brought to the mother of the household, and kneel down before her and her husband, in sign of subjection.

The first wives of polygamists are small footed women, the others usually being large footed; and a large shoe for a woman is for this reason called a "second wife's shoe." Large footed women usually can marry only in the lowest class, or are by the size of their feet doomed to a life of concubinage or prostitution. This leads tender-hearted and respectable families to bind the feet of their daughters, as a means of securing a respectable and virtuous womanhood; so wife selling and feet binding are inseparable. Thus far it has been necessary usually for Christian men to buy their wives, though these were not allowed to sell their daughters to heathen husbands.

Now all the missions are taking a firm stand against feet binding, and selling daughters for wives, and early marriages. It will be very slow work to overcome these three great evils, as so much of national prejudice and custom rests on these three practices. But they must be done away with.

Our first Sunday in Foochow might well occupy a whole story. This was the last quarterly meeting at the mission chapel next to Brother Baldwin's house. The preachers had, many of them, arrived, and all the Elders were present — Hu Po Mi, Hu Yong Mi, Sia Sek Ong, and Ling Ching Ting. This meeting was of Sia Sek Ong's district, but he requested Hu Po Mi to take charge of the love-feast. After the usual introductory services, including the reading of John xiv., the stewards passed through the congregation, one carrying a plate of broken rice cakes, and the other having a tray with four tea-cups on it, and a little tea-kettle in his hand. While the stewards passed through the congregation, Hu Po Mi delivered a powerful exhortation on the love of Christians for Christ, and on the love of God.

AT THE GRAVE OF AGASSIZ.

BY REV. ROBERT BROWN, OF LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

Where they made his grave we gathered,  
And lo! a mound of smiling flowers;  
Their beauty future bliss foreshadowed;  
Their fragrance told of heavenly bowers.

A leader cloud obscured the sun,  
Skies seen from death their robes to borrow;  
Row; The broken-hearted, weeping, groan,  
Overwhelmed by their great weight of sorrow.

The embracing boughs receive their dead;  
The solemns words of blessings given;  
When sudden light breaks from overhead,  
As if the sleeping one had said,

"C'est la fin" of earthly bane.

The surface of the cushion on which the grave was made was covered with a layer of green grass. The grave, twice the needed size, was partially covered, and mingled with the flowers of beauty and fragrance. Near by is the statue of St. Peter, said to have been cast by order of Leo the Great, from the old statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. To-day it is only a bare, bronze statue; but on high festivals it is arranged in full pontifical robes. On the last day of Jubilee, June 16, 1871, it is said the foot was kissed by over 20,000 people.

Large numbers of statues of the founders of religious orders are ranged in the niches of the nave and transepts. The side chapels are magnificent, and filled with monuments befitting the place. Frederiks Bremer says, "everything here is harmony, light, beauty

— the house of the church triumphant.

In every way did the earthly image reflect the moral nobility of the man. The soul and character emitted by his countenance. Very bright seem the colors; the impersonation of new classes of inhabitants, who, unlike the early settlers, came educated by worldly motives, and were restive under religious restraint; the new currents of sentiment which were setting in, under the rising spirit of radical inquiry; and, in New England especially, the adoption of the Half-Way Covenant, which involved a vital change in the conditions of Church membership, destroying the fundamental distinction of the Church as a separated and consecrated community.

In the midst of this general declension in morals and piety, several startling events took place. In 1721 the small pox prevailed in Boston and some of the adjacent towns, the cases numbering nearly six thousand, and one seventh of the whole proving fatal. In 1727 the greatest earthquake ever known in New England, occurred in the clear, cold night of October 29th, while the moon was shining brightly. In 1735 a fatal throat epidemic raged in New England; and in New Hampshire, then consisting of fifteen towns, one thousand persons fell victims to the terrible malady, of whom nine tenths were under twenty years of age. Temporary revivals, in a few instances, followed these events, but in each case the communities soon relapsed into their former indifference. The South land, in its regeneration, will not forget one who gave it seven of the best years of a noble life; who boasted that he was made over by that seven years into its own likeness and image; who thought wisely and worked steadily for its general advancement, and who will long stand forth as one of its best redemptors.

His funeral was well attended. A number of our clergymen, of every shade, and one sorrow, walked before the body into the church. Brother Wright, long a Presiding Elder in Central New York, Brother Lee, the head of our school here, Brother Spillman, and others participated in the service. Rev. Dr. Shafer, of the Baptist Church, made an address of rare beauty; Rev. Mr. Vanceny, of the U. S. Army, read a hymn; and Rev. Mr. Evans, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church South, in this city, pronounced the benediction. We laid him to rest in a beautiful cemetery overlooking the town, opposite the splendid monument of Gov. Brown. The singing at the church and the grave was sweet and tearful. Few funerals have had less kindred present, or more mourners.

His work is done. He did not see Florida, as he had expected; but he sees the everlasting Florida — the land of perpetual flowers. The story I began to tell stays untold. It cannot well be put as a postscript to this elegy. Let the funeral flowers be our only bloom to day.

The Herald readers are well acquainted with the gifts, grace and usefulness of this beloved brother. He has long been known to them in the many honored positions he has held — not the least in that which he held when in charge of its own columns. He succeeded as a pastor, educator, editor. Not the least of his successes was his last. He was undoubtedly the ablest man that our Church has sent South since the war. It is no disparagement to others to place him in this post of honor.

In culture, in experience, in ability, he was *facile princeps inter pares*. He attached himself to our cause in East Tennessee, and easily became, without effort, its chief representative. When a controversy sprang up with the Half-Way Covenant for church buildings, and a committee from that body appeared at our bar to plead their cause, they expected an easy triumph. They were led by a skillful master, himself a graduate from old Middletown, and a present candidate for the chief office of his Church, which may be reached. There is one Middletown boy there now from the South. He will be well watched by another from the North.

Another Middletown boy happened to be at the head of our Conference Committee, and I have heard him tell, with evident delight, how he read the report offering to recommend the putting of all cases of contested church ownership, in all the South, before a joint commission. The anti-leader saw the point, and saw that he was outconciliated — that his own point was turned against him. It was Yankee *versus* Yankee, and Middletown *versus* Middletown, and the last became first.

His Conference recognized his leadership, and sent him up to Brooklyn as their head; secured his nomination as the Southern candidate for the Episcopacy; and afterwards placed him in the Southern official editorial chair. Here he showed his former influence, the more increased. His words were weighed in all the Church, and by all its fraternal foes. He felt the weight of the duties of his office, and sought honestly to discharge them.

He was made after a fashion of his own. Few men were less accustomed

to polygamy, as to its extent, and what may be done by way of discipline. This practice, it appears, is confined to wealthy classes. One Canton man here has eleven wives. A girl 18 years of age costs \$100. The first wife only is regarded as wife, and all the rest call her mother, and are counted as her children; and the first wife has control of all the children of the others, a control absolute and tyrannical. Parents sell a girl for first wife at one third the price they demand when she is to be only second or third. The concubines, or second wives, are not married by the same ceremony that the first wife is. They are brought to the mother of the household, and kneel down before her and her husband, in sign of subjection.

## DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

A WEEK-EVENING-TALK,  
In connection with the revival in Congress Street  
Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland, Me.  
BY REV. C. S. PITBLADO.

I will not trouble you with anything like exposition, or analysis, or logic. I am in a hurry to remind you that you have souls. That is a common thing to say. Yes, but the grandest and most important truth known to man are common. Man can prove that he has a soul just as easily as he can prove that he has a body. All the proof, outside of the Bible, of either a body or a soul, is based upon phenomena. Besides, man is only conscious of the impressions which the beauty or size of a material object makes upon him, and not of its qualities. He is conscious of the phenomena of soul — conscious of emotion, memory, imagination, will.

You have a soul. This truth is of paramount importance. How insignificant are the truths of history, or science, or literature, compared with this. If you had no soul, what would the boundless universe, and the loving God be to you? You have a soul, friend, the outgoings of which will stir the eternal ages. It may be nothing to you whether the scientist is right or wrong when he tells that the school-boy's bounding rubber ball will shake the "great globe itself," and the falling snow-flake make itself felt in the far-away nooks of creation; but it ought to be to you of the uttermost concern to remember that the influence of your soul will be felt, not only along the years of this age, but all along the years of the evermore. Not only the influence of such great souls as Plato's and Pascal's and Milton's and Edwards'; not only the influence of desolate souls like Rousseau's and Diderot's and Mill's will be felt working amid the endless cycles, but the influence of your soul and mine will be felt, adding harmony to the music, and joy to the ecstasy, a sparkle to the brilliancy of the white robed thrones; or hoarseness to the wailing, and gloom to the night, and pangs to the agony of the lost. O! how such a thought stirs the deep places of our nature. O, God, may the influence of every soul in this house, from this moment, be on the side of life and loveliness, and music and heaven.

Christ's unanswered question presses itself into my mind, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The world is worth something. We have ever said so. Often during this winter, in visiting the poor, have we felt so. It has some little profit for all men. It may have a full purse for the commercialist, and a laurel for the warrior, and an office for the politician, and a ladder for the hungry, and a well for the thirsty, and a garment for the body, and air for the lungs, a light for the eyes, and plenty for all who are willing to work. It has facts for the philosopher about protoplasm, and frogs, and lion-kings, and brain-kings, and tide-laws and star-laws. It has music for the poet — music in the boulder, music in the sere leaves piled in drifts across the path of the bear and the roebuck. To the poetic soul nature is full of idyls and spires and lyres and organs and trumpets. The world has a little pleasure for all. It has sensuous pleasure for the animal side. It has intellectual pleasure for the reasoning, logical, scientific side. It has semi-spiritual pleasure for the spiritual side. There is a mystic something, blushing in the rose-tree, and shimmering on the broad sea, and nestling in the mossy glade, and spreading its hallowed glamour over forest and mountain, which somehow speaks to the soul, and may in some sense "point man," as Pope says, "from nature up to nature's God."

But mark, what you have heard ten thousand times, the profits and pleasures of the world are little, fleeting, and unsatisfactory. To-night may the old statement have the emphasis of a thunder storm. It is the experience of the millions all down the years. I knock with the hands of history and biography at the doors of the catacombs and cemeteries of earth, and cry, "tell us, ye moulder millions, what the profits and pleasures of the world were worth to you?" Hark! I hear a hurricane of voices from the departed millionaires, shouting, in the words of Astor, "worth only a living." Hush! I hear ringing down the night a mighty chorus of answers from those who drained the goblets of earth's pleasures, crying in the language of Chesterfield, "the pleasures of the world are only an opium dream." Ye, souls starve to death on gold, or fame, or pleasure-bubbles. We proclaim it in the name of history and biography. We proclaim it in the name of Croesus and Midas and Tamerlane and Voltaire and Sheridan and Byron and Davie and Hook and Pitt and Mill, and the rest who found the world empty. We proclaim it in the name of God. The wells of the world are dry. They "hold no water" to quench spiritual thirst. The bread of the world "satisfies not." If you had the "whole world" you might be full handed, but your soul would be empty. You know very well that if you had the purse of a Rothschild, the wreath of Charlemagne, the chair of Cromwell, the knowledge of a Bacon, the harp of a Milton, the larder of a Heliogabalus, your soul would, starving, cry, "unsatisfied, unsatisfied." Nay more, if it were possible for you to sit upon a throne of one diamond, and sway a sceptre over all the stars, and hang all the garlands of the garlanded in your halls, and store all the gems of the nations in your treasury, your soul, if unsaved, would be dreary and palm-

less, and garlandless and poverty-stricken still. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

The soul is worth everything. It is the soul that gives man his worth. Soul makes the geologist worth more than the rocks he drills, and the oenologist worth more than the shells he studies, and the ornithologist worth more than the birds he catches, and the farmer worth more than the soil he tills. Soul gives man his greatness. How mighty is the mortal soul! See it dissecting the rainbow, and translating the sea-psalm, and harnessing steams to wheel man round the world, and bidding the thunder-cloud whisper his messages in far-off lands. How mighty is the mortal soul! Set it in its free and fallen mightiness, rushing over Calvary its way to hell. It rushes on, spite the blood of Emmanuel, spite the woes of the Holy Ghost, spite the wounding of God; on, on it rushes to "the lake," "the pit," "the wrath to come." I see many of you dashing towards the verge of doom. God has sent me among you to cry "stop." My voice cries, "stop." My heart cries, "stop." All heaven cries, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

If unconverted, your soul is morally lost already. Sad for the mariner to lose his way on the sea. Sad for the traveler to lose his path in the forest, or on the broad prairie, or on the wild, trackless moor. Saddest for the soul to lose its way to heaven. You have wandered from the great highway. You are shivering on the verge of eternal falling. Don't you realize that you are now, even at this moment, toppling over the precipice? You have lost your centre of gravity. You are going, going. Quick! quick! cry for Jesus to snatch you from the eternal crash. Your case is desperate. To change the figure, you have drunk the sin poison. The death power is in you. Let me run for the Great Physician. Here He is with an antidote. It is "the water of life." Drink it and live. Refuse to drink it, and die.

Your soul may be lost eternally. — Do you ask, "what must I do to lose my soul forever?" I will tell you. Are you unconverted, unchanged in heart? Then that will do. Are you Christless, prayerless? Then you are ready enough for hell. Just "neglect" salvation, and you will be lost forever. Just sleep on your ears above the cataract, and sure as the flow of d—"

eternal plunge will c—lect the leek, and y"—

Jesus' day, to oversow with weeds an enemy's field while men slept. But this figure, used by Christ, cannot mean that God ever sleeps. While men slept last night, God's stars shone in at the window, the journeying winds performed their autumn task, the tides rose and fell. While men slept their hearts beat on, the breath of their nostrils came and went; and God turned the rocking globe like the cradle of His children. While —

— I know, the lamps of the city may have ceased to burn, the faithless roundaman may have nodded on his boat; that ancient watcher, high on City Hall, may have forgotten to wag his finger and strike the passing hour; but this I know: "The Lord my keeper, and He that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep." The emphasis is upon the other part. While men slept there came another. O, late loiterer, you've seen him; O, faithful guardians of the public peace, you've seen him in rooms where thieves plot, and in chambers where politicians scheme. In a whole great city full, beneath the watchful eye of God, what figure from the nether hell sows among us tares while men sleep?

Hell, that kingdom of darkness, is

a place of hate — of one long continued quarrel, the sounds of which are heard from day to day, from age to age. There slanderers slander slanderers; there despisers despise despisers; there liars lie to liars, and thieves steal of thieves; haters hate haters, and murderers strive to murder murderers. At but one magic word all hell becomes a unit, and peace for an instant reigns from the black throne to furthest cavern. That word is, "destroy the Man of Calvary!"

It is well for us to remember that the forces of evil in this world are marshaled under a mighty leader. "O," men say, "it is an inconceivable thing, the idea of a personal devil who is a fallen angel, existing in the realm of an almighty God." But the existence of a personal devil is no more inconceivable than the existence of one bad man in God's realm — no more mysterious than that there should be one rumseller, one panderer, one procress; or that from the loins of a common parentage, and the wrappings of a common cradle, one child should grow up a sain and another a villain. Archangel of the shadow! Archangel of the scar! I know thee; art cruel, art relentless, art crafty, art envious; never meeting me in open daylight, because thine evil deeds fit darkness. I tear the mask off thee in the presence of those whom thou proposest as thy victims. I flash the light of this Book upon thee. Thou hast an existence, Christ, save us!

Good men and women, upright citizens, do you ever stop to think what there is in this great city in the literal night-time? Go, see the crowds that come from three or four theatres, at eleven o'clock at night. From some of them come not the low, wretched rabble, but thy daughter, sir, invited to go with your son; and there are not two gladder, more hopeful youth in all the city. The weary business man of thirty years has come for an evening of rest. The country cousins and aunts must be amused. I am far from denying that there are some things in

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Jesus wants your hearts and hands now. He has a right to them. He loves you as no one else does. He died for you. He wants now to fill your soul with the music, and poetry, and sunshine of a sweeter life. Now He wants to write your names in "the Lamb's book of life." I have told you again. If lost, you cannot blame me. Recording angel put it down. Put down that on Tuesday, the thirteenth of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock at night, I told this people that Jesus came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

O, friends, I cannot give you up. I want you for Jesus. He wants you to be friends of His. He doesn't want you to dash your souls on the rocks of ruin, or dash them out on seas of fire. He wants you in heaven. Will you go? Don't go to perdition. Let your purses drop from your grasp, or your laurel leaves fall from your brow, or your ships founder in your docks, or your farms turn to wilds, if you will; but don't, O, don't lose your soul. In the name of heaven's palms and lovers — in the name of hell's inquisitions and soul-racks — in the name of the Jesus of the garden and the cross — in the name of the Judge with thunder on His brow and lightning in His eye, we cry, do not lose your soul. Decide for God this moment. He would like to save you, and palm you, and crown you. Victory is coming. I hear the Conqueror's tread among us. Sinners are yielding. Saints and angels are singing. New-born souls are shouting, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There I hold up a sheet of paper upon which are written as many of the names of the unconverted members of my congregation as I can think of. I have prayed over them and wept over them before God. Father, Father take them all, and write them in the book of life. Friends, will you consent for God to write your names there? Will you consent now? This is an awful moment. Eternal destinies tremble in the balance. Shall it be heaven or hell? Make the choice.

## WHILE MEN SLEPT.

Notes of a —

common method of revenge Jesus' day, to oversow with weeds an enemy's field while men slept. But this figure, used by Christ, cannot mean that God ever sleeps. While men slept last night, God's stars shone in at the window, the journeying winds performed their autumn task, the tides rose and fell. While men slept their hearts beat on, the breath of their nostrils came and went; and God turned the rocking globe like the cradle of His children. While —

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Shakespeare which may have been made inspiring by Keene or Cushman, or that it is possible to make a clever burlesque real and not hurtful, if only it ever had been done; or that there may have been some operas sung whose music is magnificent, the acting of which has been an indifferent circumstance, which may have been inspired; at any rate, I am not disposed to dull the edge of my own sermon by pronouncing dogmatically concerning what some good men have thought to be an open question. But what have these young people in this city had within the last ten days at your theatres? Plays in which the marriage bond, the foundation of your children's home, which makes it possible for your

pure-minded children to respect and

love you, is made the butt of a jest before your children's eyes; plays in which the heroine is a false woman, the hero a handsome rake, and a cuckold husband is brought with maudlin tears to forgive and forget such sins against himself as even the Scriptures do not ask him to overlook; plays which, while they do not speak in so many words, imply at least that there is a charm to the life of the "free and easy," by the glamour which they throw over it; plays which even the secular press, from the low standard of morality and guardianship which they have assumed, have felt compelled to rebuke. Think of it, sir, you who have looked your faithful wife in the face until both have grown gray in one long look of love, there are spectacles nightly performed in almost every city which tend to represent you slavishly in bonds. These things were not so a few years ago; and how have they come about? Literally, little by little, while men slept.

Last Sabbath evening a young man walked from this church with the music of that last good hymn ringing in his ears. He had company home, of course; and that is well. Church worship is better than theatrical wooing. At length, he turns down the wide avenue. How quiet are the streets while men sleep! The dry goods stores, the clothing stores, the toy shops, the markets, all these are closed while business sleeps. Not so the cigar shop; its doors are wide open. Why should these men traffic upon the Sabbath, and not you who keep a market? Who gave these men authority, and when? They were not so a few years ago. Who has done this? The city fathers, little by little, while men slept. Hastily

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## The Christian World.

## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN EDITOR.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — NUM. xiv. 21.

## MADAGASCAR.

Madagascar, next to Borneo, is the largest island in the world. It lies three hundred miles east of Southern Africa, and is about one thousand miles long, two hundred and fifty miles in width, and contains an area of nearly two hundred and forty thousand square miles, being greater in territory than that of New England and the Middle States, including Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Ohio. It would reach from Rochester, N. Y., to Jacksonville, Florida, and in width would cover the entire State of Pennsylvania.

For variety and healthfulness of climate, productiveness of soil, and for the richness and beauty of its natural gifts, it stands unrivaled with any other portion of the earth's surface. It has extended, healthful tablelands, a range of lofty mountains, numerous rivers and lakes, and abounds in warm and cold medicinal springs. Its forests are extensive, deep, majestic, and often impenetrable to human feet. Its lumber is exceedingly valuable for building and ornaments. Its plants grow to a marvelous size, and of rare beauty. Rev. Mr. Ellis, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, "found a kind of creeper growing upon the trunks of the trees, and bearing a magnificent flower seven inches in breadth, the same in height, with a spur fourteen inches long. The color is pure white, and the flowers preserve their delicate beauty for five weeks. Mr. Ellis brought some of the plants to England, and their flowers formed a part of the bridal bouquet of the crown prince of Prussia, 'Our Fritz,' on the occasion of his marriage with the princess royal of England."

The original inhabitants of Madagascar belonged to three or four different races, but at present the Hovas is the principal. Previous to 1808, when Radama ascended the throne, the island was in a most wretched, degraded state of heathenism. The "scum and off-scouring" of Christian nations, such as slave-traders and pirates, infested its shores, and greatly increased the miseries of the people. Even the notorious Captain Kidd resided there for a season.

Radama, having conquered most of the other tribes, became the principal ruler of the island, and prepared the way for the civilization of the people. He welcomed the first English missionary to his capital in 1820, and was pleased when the first printing-press was introduced there by the missionaries in 1826, and encouraged the missionaries in their work, but never deserted himself a Christian, or expressed a desire that his subjects might become Christians. He died June 17, 1828, at the age of 36, having reigned 20 years.

Ranavalona, one of Radama's wives, succeeded him to the throne, who proved to be one of the most wicked, cruel, bloody rulers the world has ever known. "Every day seemed lost to her on which she did not consign half a dozen of her subjects to death. From twenty to thirty thousand persons fell victims every year to her bloody rule." For a time, however, she permitted the missionaries to labor among the people, and their success was great. Many embraced Christianity. But soon she became a violent opposer to the Christian religion, and seemed determined to exterminate it from the island. And now commenced a series of persecutions which have scarcely a parallel in the history of the Christian Church. The missionaries were driven from the island, and the native Christians were forbidden to worship the true God, under the severest penalties. All kinds of tortures, the most terrible, were invented and practiced on those who were found adhering to the true religion; but the suffering saints met the terrible precipice, the spear, the stoning, the burning pile with great Christian triumph. Never did martyrs for the truth suffer death with greater Christian heroism and exultant shouts of victory. And though Christian worship was performed secretly in caves and in forests, yet the followers of Christ continued to increase.

It is supposed that ten thousand persons were sentenced to different penalties for their religion by the persecuting queen, yet after the 33 years of her bloody reign, in 1861, it was found that the Christian population, during that period, had increased from two hundred to one thousand. The queen died July 16, 1861, and thus ended the terrible persecution. Her son was crowned king of Madagascar the following day, as Radama II.

The new king had long been a friend of the Christians, and did what he could to assist them and mitigate their sufferings. He permitted and encouraged the missionaries to do their work. He was a friend to Christianity, but never embraced it experimentally. He was assisted in his bed-chamber, May 12, 1863, reigning less than two years.

His queen, Rasoberina, succeeded him as ruler of Madagascar. She reigned five years, and was greatly beloved by her subjects. She encouraged Christianity, and secured to all who desired complete religious liberty. During these years the gospel achieved glorious triumphs. Houses of worship were erected, large congregations gathered, and Christians were multiplied greatly. At the close of Rasoberina's

reign, there were twelve congregations in the capital, and eighty-six scattered through the provinces, with five thousand members, and twenty-one thousand of a nominal Christian population. The queen died April 1, 1868.

The present queen bears the name of Ranavalona II., and is the first Christian ruler of Madagascar. Her coronation ceremonies took place September 3, 1868, and on the four corners of the canopy under which she sat during the ceremonies, were inscribed the mottoes: "Glory to God;" "Peace on Earth;" "Good will to Man;" "God with us." A great religious movement now commenced throughout the island, which is truly marvelous, and one of the most extraordinary triumphs of Christianity since the apostolic age. The entire population of the island seemed moved toward Christianity. On the 21st day of February, 1869, the queen and her prime minister were publicly baptized, and united with the Christian church. What rejoicings throughout the hosts of God's people! On the 9th of September, 1869, she caused all the idols of the government to be burned. She said, "I shall burn my idols, for my kingdom rests upon God."

Four beautiful memorial churches have been erected in the capital. The first on the summit of the rock from which the martyrs were hurled; the second at the southern point of the city, where the first martyr was spared; the third where the prison for the sufferers stood; and the fourth where the seven were burned at the stake. In these Christian temples multitudes gather for worship, in which the sweetest, loftiest strains of Christian melody are heard.

There are now in Madagascar nearly half a million of professing Christians, between six and seven hundred churches; and one hundred and twenty native evangelists are supported for the remoter districts. There are about twenty thousand scholars in the schools, and annually about a hundred and fifty thousand different Malayan publications sold. All the churches are built and maintained entirely by the native Christians. This great religious movement has been and is still under the direction of the London Missionary Society, a society that is doing a vast work in converting the heathen to Christ.

Let none fail to read the "Story of Madagascar." It is full of the most stirring, thrilling facts, and can but awaken a new interest in the conversion of the world to Christ.

## TENNESSEE CORRESPONDENCE.

M. E. COBLEIGH, D. D., LL.D.

Many and many a time have I written the name that heads this article, and always with a heavy heart. But today I write it in great sorrow. A telegram this morning announces that he is dead. It seems hardly possible. Just a week before his death, he and I were united in the dedication of a Church; and at the very hour of the day in which he was carrying his audience with him in his sermon, the Master summoned him to a higher ministry.

Little did we then imagine that so soon his voice would be silenced, and that that was his last sermon. He went to his home at Atlanta a week ago to-day, and lay down to rise no more till the resurrection of the just.

Dr. Cobleigh had reached a position of influence in the South, which, so far as my knowledge extends, no other member of the Church has attained. Certainly, in the four central Conferences (those in Tennessee and Georgia and Alabama), taken as a whole, his influence surpassed that of any other man. He had been here ever since their organization; he had attended nearly all their sessions; he had shared in all their counsels, and in most of them he had taken a leading part. Who shall bear the standard that he so long bore, none knows but the All-wise. He alone knows how, and by whom He can best carry on His work.

Dr. C. had been long enough in the South (between six and seven years) to understand its wants, and to have his feelings enlisted in favor of all its true interests. The spread of religious literature, and the establishing of religious education, were subjects upon which his whole heart was bent. The East Tennessee Wesleyan University, though not originated by him, nevertheless acknowledges him as its true father; and the Knoxville University, into which this is eventually to be merged, may without improbably be regarded as a creation of his own, though many earnest educators co-operated with him in establishing it. The *Methodist Advocate*, to which he was elected editor at the last General Conference, received a new impulse when his practical and skillful hand was laid upon it. The pecuniary embarrassment which surrounded it, and which threatened to put an end to its publication, weighed heavily upon his heart; and doubtless, together with overwork, aided to prepare his system for an early triumph of the fatal disease.

To our Church in the South his loss will be a heavy blow, and she will not know where to turn to find the man that can fill his place. But she has one refuge, the Most High; and to Him I trust we will all look. "With Him is wisdom and strength; He hath counsel and understanding." Though we feel that this stroke is very mysterious, as well as very heavy, yet we can say again with Job, "Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this, in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind?" We shall sometime see that He hath done all things well.

Blessed be God that there is at least one Book thoroughly supernatural, in this world; something which stands off from all above "the laws of nature," something visible and audible to link us with Him whose face we see not, and whose works we hear not. When blind would they be if only this one fragment of the divine, now venerable both with wisdom and age, were to disappear from the midst of us; or, what is the same thing, the discovery to be made that this ancient volume is not the earthly thing which men have deemed it, but at the highest estimate, a mere fragment from the great block of human thought—perhaps according to another estimate, a mere relic of superstition!

*Beware of all Imitations.*

The Pain-Killer is sold by all respectable drug-stores in the United States and foreign countries.

Prices—25 cents, 40 cents and \$1. per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,

No. 108 High street, Providence, R. I.

"The Story of Madagascar," by Rev. J. W. Mears, D. D. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

## Commercial.

## BOSTON MARKET.

Feb. 16, 1874.  
FLOUR—Superfine, \$2.50 @ 200; extra, \$2.50 @ 200; Michigan, \$2.50 @ 200; St. Louis, \$2.50 @ 200; Southern Flour, \$2.50 @ 110 lbs.

CORN—Old Yellow and Mixed, 92 @ No. New, 8¢ 90c. @ bushel.

OATS—61 @ 60¢ @ bushel.

EYE—\$1.00 @ 100 lbs per bushel.

WHEAT—\$1.25 @ 120 lbs per bushel.

FINE FEED—\$2.00 @ 250 lbs per bushel.

SEED—Timothy Herbs, Grass, \$0.00 @ \$2.50; Red Top, \$1.50 @ 50 lbs per sack; R. I. Bent, \$2.25 @ 50 lbs bushel; Clover, 10@ 10¢ per lb.

APPLES—\$4.50 @ 600 lbs per bushel.

WORST—\$1.20 @ 120; Lard, 10@ 10¢ per lb.; Ham, 11@ 12c.

BUTTER—\$0.40c.

CHEESE—Factory, 14 @ 17c.

Eggs—10 @ 25 cents per dozen.

HAY—\$2.00 @ 250 per ton, for Eastern Pressed.

MEAT—\$2.20 @ 250 lbs per bushel. Suet, Potatoes, 9¢ 1b.

BRAINS—Extra Peas, \$2.50 @ 200; medium, \$2.00 @ 225 lbs per bushel.

POULTRY—\$17 to 20 cents per bushel.

DRIED APPLES—\$1.25 @ 120 lbs per bushel.

CARROTS—6¢ @ 60c. @ bushel.

CABBAGE—6¢ @ 12c. @ head.

CRANBERRIES—\$1.00 @ 120 lbs per bushel.

ONIONS—\$3.00 @ 450 lbs per bushel.

MARROW SQUASH—\$0.00 @ 300 lbs per bushel.

PEAS—\$1.00 @ 200 lbs per bushel.

RESIN—\$0.00 @ 100 lbs per bushel.

Turnips—\$0.00 @ 100 lbs per bushel.

Chesees have advanced. Poultry quite firm at quotations.

Tuning and repairing faithfully executed.

## MASON &amp; HAMILTON.

NEW STYLES NOW READY.  
With improvements patented in January, 1874, and October, 1873.  
Lightweight Cases, with Knob Stop, \$1.00. The same, 8¢ 90c. @ 200. The same, 8¢ 90c. @ 100. AUTOMATIC SWING, \$1.00. The same, with three sets ready, nine styles up to \$300, \$1.00, or more.

1,000 Musicians

To satisfy that these organs are UN-

EQUALLED.

FOR SALE, FOR QUAR-

TERIA, OR MONTHLY PAY-

MENTS, OR HIRE, WITH PRE-

MIERATE FRENCH PIANO

LENSSES.

Their purity and transparency pre-

vent the perfect spherical form, giving a

greater field of vision, and overcoming a great

difficulty what is called by Opticians, aberation of light.

It is for this reason, that objects seen through

them present themselves in a clear, distinct, and forcible manner, and are easily and rapidly perceived, and so experienced by the use of con-

cise and perfect Spectacles, as are not equalled by any person, after giving them trial, will con-

clude to wear any other.

Many are wholly unacquainted with the Opti-

cian, who are selling, the cheap

or worse than useless goods, without any regard

to their price, quality, or value.

Those who are experienced in the use of con-

siderate Spectacles, will be able to judge

of your sight, avoid all such and go to a skilful Opti-

cian, who will give you a good pair, and

benefit them.

SPECTACLES made to order.

NEW LENSES inserted in old frames.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES repaired.

FINE WATCHES cleaned and repaired.

A. PORTER,  
PRACTICAL OPTICIAN.

Would like to specially invite all persons who

wish to call at his Office and examine his stock of

the most improved and perfect

OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS.

They are in fact the most beau-

tiful and perfect Spectacles, and

are the best and most perfect

optical instruments in the world.

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## HERALD CALENDAR.

Woman's Missionary Meeting, at Dover, N. H.	Feb. 25
Fall River District Conference, at East Weymouth, commencing eve.	Feb. 23
Esopus District Conference, at Winter- port, Me.	March 10
Portland District Conference, at Gor- ham, Me.	March 25-26

ZION'S  
HERALD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

## THE REVIVAL HOUR.

There is more than ordinary religious interest in all the evangelical Churches. We do not hear of any general work, like the very remarkable interest now witnessed in Scotland, filling the churches with immense crowds, awakening powerful impressions, and attended with large numbers of conversions. This remarkable revival in Edinburgh and its vicinity commands the attention and enjoys the personal labors of the leading Presbyterian clergymen, as well as those of the American evangelists who have been conspicuous in it. It overawes these honored ministers by its solemn power and its wide extent. Many of the scenes that have been witnessed there almost approached Pentecost in spiritual power. On one Sunday evening services were held in the Corn Exchange, the largest hall in the city, capable of holding, without seats, between five and six thousand people. Six thousand tickets were issued to the workingmen of Edinburgh, none but men being admitted on this occasion. The hall was thronged. Several ministers, with Mr. Moody, addressed this immense company, and the Jubilee Singers sang a few of their solemn and most pathetic songs. The audience was powerfully affected. Those that wished to hear more of Christ, and to share in Christian prayers at the close of the meeting, were invited to the neighboring Free Assembly Hall, and seven hundred men pressed their way to this second service. As they could not be spoken to personally, after a short address, all who were really in earnest, and desirous of knowing Christ as a personal Saviour, were invited to stand up. Nearly every person in the room rose to his feet. This interest is spreading over Scotland, and awaking great attention throughout Great Britain.

The work takes a more local form with us. In some places, as at Hyde Park, in this vicinity, it has assumed such an impressive power as to be felt throughout the community, and causes even the calls of business to be disregarded in the profounder interest felt in spiritual things. There is one very important truth that should receive its proper consideration at this time. The character and permanence of a revival, in any locality, will be largely determined by the spiritual condition of the Church existing there. Unless the professed members of this body become thoroughly aroused, and enter heartily into the work; unless they are renewed in the spirit of their minds, and become consecrated examples of holy living and faithful personal service in the Master's vineyard, the new despots will soon fall back to the established religious level, lose all their spiritual enthusiasm, and, after a short period, lapse into distracting doubts and painful discouragements. They will then wonder, in hours of temptation, how, on so small a basis, they were induced to make so wide and definite a profession of faith, and of a new spiritual birth. They will soon have serious doubts of the reality of their own previous experience. The reason why so many very encouraging revivals have, after a year or two, left hardly a trace of their presence behind, is to be found here. The Church itself was not recovered from a backsides state, and the young converts were soon chilled to death.

It is sometimes brought as a serious charge against certain evangelists, that they do not give proper prominence in their services to the condition of those who have made no profession of religion. Probably they fall into an opposite extreme. But this may be said in justification of their course: If they do, indeed, succeed in securing a thoroughly consecrated band of Christian believers, there can be no question as to the ultimate influence of such a reviving upon the unconverted. Each holy man becomes a most efficient, constant and fruitful worker in the whole circle of his influence. When the Church in Jerusalem was in prayer, with "one accord," she was then in a condition to receive and instruct the three thousand converts which were given to her.

A Church does not really know how cold she is until a revival breaks upon her. When the pressure of repeated services, and of calls for personal conversation and prayer with penitent souls begins to be felt, then the formality and chilliness of the religious life become painfully evident. After a certain period in the cold, the sensation of pain ceases, to return again only by an approach to the fire. The opening services of a true revival often become a Marat in the history of a Church — a scene of bitter weeping; but such godly penitence is sure to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

There are many indications of still greater displays of revival power among us. Many saints have been long praying in secret places for such a condition in the Churches. The local incidents we are permitted to record every week are full of encouragement,

The Christian press is quite awake in this direction, in its editorial departments and in its columns for contributors. Many have felt that the hour was approaching when this dense atmosphere of doubt, worldliness, and immorality, which has been gathering over us, would be pierced and dispelled by the brightness of the Master's appearing, and the fresh shedding forth of the Holy Spirit. There is no argument against a true revival. In Scotland, metaphysical, scientific Scotland, in the very heart and center of its intellectual pride, in Edinburgh itself, in the presence of such men as Drs. Horatio Bonar and Andrew Thomson, and Prof. Blakie (they in hearty accord with him), Mr. Moody — a man from the counter rather than from the schools — in now, in the plainest language, often abrupt, telling, from his own experience, the "old, old story of the cross," and urging men, by the most literal interpretations of the eternal sanctions of God's law as written in the Bible, to escape to the shadow of the cross for their lives. There is no attempt now to harmonize Genesis and geology; there is no discussion of "common sense in religion," no effort to discover where the "final home of the saints will be," no labored argument against the theory of restoration, so prevalent in some quarters among Scotch theologians. No one is curious to hear about these things at this time. A more vital question is pending: "What shall I do to be saved?" This is constantly bursting from the hearts of men thoroughly awakened to their spiritual perils; and the simple-minded evangelists, with their polished and cultivated ministerial co-laborers, have all their time and skill exhausted in answering this most important question of all.

Such an all-convincing apology for evangelical faith we need in this American Edinburgh. May God hasten its coming in His time! The Churches should prepare themselves for it. There is a work of John the Baptist, who must first come, to be done, before the Saviour and the Sanctifier is revealed. There is breaking up work to be accomplished. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Our modern revivals have been too much built up upon the wrecks of Christian professions. They do not rest upon the "rock." We have been seeking late, quite earnestly, what is termed a "higher life;" but the great body of Christians are much more in want of a divine foundation to their faith. There is need of going back to first principles before we begin to go on "unto perfection." Not by cold, legal unfeeling exhortations, but by tender, human, loving persuasions, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, in the Church to lead to a fresh vision of her former, anew and fully reckon herself dead unto sin and alive unto Him.

## A PROTESTANT ROME.

The beautiful little city of Geneva, the home of Calvin, and the scene of some of the most thrilling events in the great struggle between Protestantism and the Papacy, has not inaptly been termed the Protestant Rome, from the fact that within its walls have been forged some of the heaviest thunderbolts that have been hurled at the holy see in the Romes of the Tiber.

During the last few years, however, a desperate effort has been made on the part of the Jesuits to set up their standard there, and gain the city as their headquarters, whence to control their operations throughout Europe. In this enterprise they were aided by the French, who still have an itching to possess the gem of Lake Leman, with a view to the reification of their boundary, as they euphemistically express it, and the incorporation of a city so completely French into their own territory. This matter was carried so far under Napoleon III, that he is accused of having contrived to introduce into Geneva a large number of French Catholic laborers at the time when the old fortifications were demolished, to make room for a new boulevard, in the style of Paris, that they might better become a part of the city.

Then came all the complicated history of Bishop Mermilliod, whom the Pope wished to force on the Genevans, whether they would have him or not, and all its attendant train of complications in the expulsion of the Jesuits. This latter fraternity still hoped to retain it as a stronghold of their interests, though they, when known, were expelled, and to this end kept up their infamous organ known as the "Correspondance de Genève." This sheet has fought a terrible war against opposing powers, and kept up a steady stream of insult, arrogance, and falsehood, apparently backed by some power so strong that nothing could intimidate it; for the liberty of the press to all parties in Geneva is so complete that words can be printed there which, in any other part of Europe, would bring suppression upon their issue.

But we learn now that this organ is about to suspend publication, which is to us the surest and most gratifying proof that the Jesuits are completely beaten out, and feel like giving up the contest in the face of the brilliant success of Hyacinthe, leaving the Catholic field to him and the new, though so-called Old, Catholic organizations. Not a great while ago, this Jesuitical organ published the following specimen of its audacity: "The Pope, who hoped by leniency to bring back the government to the right path, has made only too many concessions already. Now he sees that the time for mercy is past, and that sooner or later a period must

come when justice shall have its full and perfect course. When the States cease openly to acknowledge the Church, then will the Church be obliged to deny recognition to the States. The world will then see a spectacle of terrible devastation, and the governments deceive themselves if they imagine that the masses will stand behind them. Prussia is hastening to a period when the measure of patience must overflow, and it is indeed possible that this patience may cease in just the moment when the monarchy might have the greatest interest in its continuance. May all governments think of this, and in no blind insolence inaugurate a contest which may bring annihilation to them rather than to the Church."

These words show, as plainly as words can, the declaration of war, the basis of operations, the weapons, and the confidence in victory. But Geneva has succeeded in making it a little too hot for these disturbers of the peace of nations, and they and their mouthpiece are retiring to more congenial climates.

And now, to show how liberal is this Protestant Rome to all shades of opinion, while the weather has ranged from a mild northern November to May and June. Our thermometer has mounted as high as eighty degrees. As a usual thing I wear an autumn overcoat and rubber sandals. This is, however, the garb necessary much of the time only to a sensitive semi-invalid. Yet every prudent man during the central winter months retains his winter clothing, and avoids too thin a raiment, even under the temptations of the midday sun.

The current of annual travel from the North to Florida has become an established institution. Forty or fifty thousand visitors are claimed to have arrived last year; but owing to the "panic" they are perceptibly fewer this year. They consist of invalids, tourists, pleasure-seekers, and investors. Railroad companies take no notice of the fact, and every year the route is shortening, the facilities improving, and the fare cheapening. Hotels and boarding-houses, furnished and conducted in northern style, are rapidly springing up. The northern visitor, so far from being repelled, is welcomed and treated with marked respect. Jacksonville is to all appearance a northern town.

The "Home" I speak of, and where I am stopping, on the St. Johns, opposite Jacksonville, is a place started by northerners, somewhat on the plan of Martha's Vineyard and Sea Cliff. It is said to be naturally about the most beautiful spot for the purpose in Florida. Its design is to establish a community, excluding the vicious and undesirable classes of population, and exempt from the extravagant charges of hotel life. It is a safe place for the young, and affording a sunny clime to others than millionaires. The grounds are beautifully laid out into lots, a goodly number of which have been taken. The purpose is to erect a central hotel for boarders. The enterprise, like many other projects, has been checked by "the panic." The land was purchased from a gentleman, resident near by, formerly a slaveholder. His former buildings have, for the present year, been fitted up for boarders. The "Home" is under the present superintendence of George McCord, esq., of Brooklyn, to whom the letters of persons desirous of making inquiries with purpose of visit or investment should be addressed, at Jacksonville.

Your noble friend, Dr. Torsey, President of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, is here. He indulges extensively in Non-resistance. He wisely indulges, also, that unique humor, by which he sets the circle into genial laughter without designing a smile himself. He is, we trust, so "mending his nets" as to enjoy many a year of public service yet. Dr. Stevens is in Jacksonville, whose little "northern" Methodist church has more than once been edited by his ministrations. Bishop Haven and Dr. Dashiel are announced by the Jacksonville paper as to visit the place next week. The visitations of such men as our Bishops and our popular Missionary and Sunday-school Secretaries, are a powerful aid to the impress of our Church upon the South. Dr. Duryea, of Brooklyn, and George Herbert McCord, the distinguished artist, son of the superintendent of our "Home," are announced as to be here in a few days.

The window at which I write overhangs the "bluff," which overlooks the broad sheet of the dark blue waters of the St. Johns, across which the eye is directed towards Jacksonville, the chief city of Florida, two miles distant. Our funny little joke of a steamer is approaching our wharf. It plies between Jacksonville and Arlington four times a day, so that we are both rural and suburban. It is now bringing the mail of our "Home" from Jacksonville; and so it is a link of communication between the Herald and your humble correspondent. Around our "Home" extends a grove of evergreen live-oaks, the glory of the South, spreading their giant limbs abroad, from which hang long wavy tea-green pendants of moss, looking like the beards of so many ancient patriarchs. In our rear is a magnificent forest of pines. The southern pine does not put out its limbs very near the ground, it shoots up a clean shaft to near fifty feet high, and then spreads, parasol-fashion, at the top. There is an exquisite solemnity in walking towards evening through the silent "pine plains," from whose floor rises a colonnade of myriads of pillars, as if supporting the roof of a boundless temple. It is many a year ago, in my boyhood, that I was accustomed to walk with a similar feel-

ing over similar "plains" by the banks of the Genesee, below Rochester, N. Y.; and the recollection brings up a whole host of buried memories. On our grounds are a few orange trees laden with fruit. In the whole world of trees what is more beautiful? The orange indeed, here, with its golden globes set in the glossy green foliage, is the very child of the southern sun, begotten in his own form and color. Lovers of that fruit (I am not one) say that the Northerner does not know what the true taste of the orange is. And the Florida orange claims that in due season it will ride the northern market. Like everything else in Florida, the orange culture is undeveloped. There are but few orange orchards in the State. The fruits are all absorbed, as yet, short of New York. But Florida says that the day is coming when her orange will overshadow the New York and Boston trade. During my journey from New York to Jacksonville I persistently wore my "arctic" overshoe and overcoat; but on arriving here, January 10, I doffed them both, and walked from my hotel to the post-office in simple citizen's dress. While here the weather has ranged from a mild northern November to May and June. Our thermometer has mounted as high as eighty degrees. As a usual thing I wear an autumn overcoat and rubber sandals. This is, however, the garb necessary much of the time only to a sensitive semi-invalid. Yet every prudent man during the central winter months retains his winter clothing, and avoids too thin a raiment, even under the temptations of the midday sun.

First ladies of the State have entered with great enthusiasm and devotion into this "crusade." The Cincinnati Gazette very graphically describes a scene lately witnessed in Hillsboro:

"Turning a corner on last Saturday forenoon, I came unexpectedly upon some fifty women kneeling on the pavement and stone steps before this store. A daughter of a former governor of Ohio was leading in prayer. Surrounding her were the mothers, wives and daughters of former Congressmen and legislators, of our lawyers, physicians, bankers, ministers, leading business men of all kinds. Indeed, there were gathered there representatives from nearly every household of the town. The day was bitterly cold. A piercing north wind swept the streets, piercing us all to the bone. The plaintive, tender, earnest tones of that pleading wife and mother arose on the blast, and were carried to every heart within their reach. Passers-by uncovered their heads, for the place whereon they trod was holy ground. The eyes of hardened men filled with tears, and many turned away, saying they could not bear to look on such a sight. Then the voice of prayer was hushed, the women arose, and began to sing softly a sweet hymn — some old, familiar words of childhood's days."

We have been permitted to read the private correspondence of a sister of one of our young ministers in the theological school, giving an account of the progress of the reform in Ripley and Martinsville. It is from the pen of one who has been a personal participant in the work, and is full of heroic martyrdom and religious devotion. It is the recital not simply of the natural triumph of womanly sincerity and tenderness over sordid selfishness and brutal appetites, but of a more effectual reformation — the breaking down of hard hearts, the penitential prayers, and the actual conversion of heretofore hardened and reckless men. There is a wonderful method in the movement. Every thing like a breach of the peace is avoided. The aid of established law is not disregarded. The religious men of the place meet to pray during the missionary processions of the women, and the church bells solemnly toll their benediction upon this singular out-door, itinerant service. It certainly is a most remarkable development of the moral female element and power in the community. Without sacrificing, in any degree, her modesty, or stepping beyond the proprieties of her sex, woman has entered upon one of the most thorough evangelistic services ever undertaken. When was it ever attempted before to establish a prayer meeting in every haunt of sin in a town, and to actually seek to purify the streets? We may receive some new ideas in reference to home missionary work in desperate localities before this wonderful temperance reformation has swept by.

The experiment is just on the eve of trial with us. It will be well if we do not fail. It has been a strong element of success. In this portion of the work we can all unite with the Christian women of Worcester in their important and somewhat forbidding service. While the Little Church in Jerusalem prayed unceasingly, an angel came down and opened the doors to liberty before the imprisoned Apostle. Prayer will cause to be opened, without human hands, the barred and iron gates to many hearts, and release many souls from a worse bondage to Satan.

Dr. John Vaughan Lewis, who so valiantly challenged Dr. Whedon the other day, in "rising to explain" in *The Churchman*, the grounds of a "floating rumor," that he had "preached a sermon in defense or commendation of Bishop Cummins, or of Methodism," says "ZION'S HERALD" already proposes to rectify and improve their own orders by means of this seceder's Episcopate." "Not by any manner of means!" ZION'S HERALD proposes no such thing. In a kindly article, written by a brother editor, and distinguished by an initial letter at its close, among other very proper suggestions, he somewhat playfully (although *The Methodist* interpreted it as down right earnest), intimated that Bishop Cummins, by becoming our Church, had "preached a sermon in defense or commendation of the Lord Jesus, in word and doctrine, mighty in the Scriptures, and cherishing in the hearts of the people, our Christian and fraternal regards and congratulations, and that we devoutly and earnestly pray that the great Head of the Church will spare them long to till in the broad and promising fields, whose ample and ebon harvests invite their labors."

We find on our table quite an elaborate pamphlet, of between eighty and ninety pages, entitled *Caldwell's Records*, giving the genealogical record of John and Sarah (Dillingham) Caldwell, of Ipswich, for 250 years. The preparation must have cost the compiler (Rev. Augustine Caldwell, of the New England Conference) a vast deal of labor, for which his patient industry and habits of accuracy eminently qualified him. The work is remarkably interesting withal, Brother Caldwell having incorporated in its pages many valuable as well as interesting historical incidents. We have always associated this family name with more than an ordinary degree of respectability, without any very definite reason, till the compiler's preface let us into the secret by revealing the fact that the patronymic is a synonym of secession, as a derivative of "cold well," the armorial bearings of the ancestral family being wells, fountains, etc.

The *British Quarterly* for January, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton Street, N. Y., presents an inviting list of topics, which are considered with its usual substantial good sense. It opens with an entertaining paper upon the ballot, always an attractive theme, reviews favorably, on the whole, Prof. Dawson's "Earth and Man" and Mr. Leitchfield's "Higher Nature of Man"; the writer himself entering out into fresh channels of thought upon modern scientific inquiry in its relations to revealed truth. There is a closely reasoned article in this number upon "inductive theology," applying the scientific method to the fundamental truths of religion. A philosophical article follows upon "mind and the science of energy," an excellent paper on the "revision of the text of the New Testament," and an article upon the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. The subscription price of the paper is \$3.00 per year; any one can secure it, however, for three months, containing all of Beecher's lectures, for \$1.00.

We are obliged to Rev. S. B. Darrell, Principal of "The Cookman School," in Jacksonville, Fla., and Secretary of the Florida Methodist Episcopal Annual Conference, for copies of the *Republican* giving the proceedings of the late session in that city. The work is of unusual interest. The presence and public addresses of Bishop Haven were highly appreciated. The death of Dr. Cobleigh excited profound emotion, and the Conference passed a series of very appropriate and appreciative resolutions. The *Republican* announces a great flow of visitors from the north into the flowered State this winter. All the trains and steamers arrive and depart from Jacksonville well filled. The hotels and boarding-houses of this city are represented to be in excellent condition, and well patronized.

The literary itemizer of *The Congregationalist* thoughtfully intimates that if ZION'S HERALD will look in its "Dictionary of Quotations" it will find "to the manor born" should be "to the

manner born." The latter is the way those already bestowed upon him by the "laying on of hands."

A very intelligent clerical writer in *The Occident*, a very vigorous Congregational paper of San Francisco, writes an article, a column and a half in length, upon Mrs. Van Cott and her labors in that city. It is the most candid, sensible and appreciative review of the work committed by God into the hands of this remarkable female evangelist that we have read. There is no fustome praise in it. A clear apprehension of the educational deficiencies and lack of culture on the part of Mrs. Van Cott is exhibited; but at the same time there is shown a manly and Christian perception of the remarkable natural gifts God has bestowed upon her, of the singleness of her motives, of the devotion of her life, of the Christlike spirit she exhibits, and of her wonderful success in winning souls. This writer says, "her teacher has been the Word of God made 'living' and 'powerful' through the Holy Spirit. Some of us have accumulated learning to the neglect of the Spirit of holiness; when, then we meet with persons filled with the Spirit, though inferior to us in knowledge, let us seek to restore the equilibrium of our renewed nature by drawing from them all we can of this electric power. The power of Mrs. Van Cott lies in the fullness she enjoys of the Holy Ghost. She carries with her manifestly the King's seal, the Holy Spirit. In this city, under her loving, simple, earnest ministrations, four hundred souls have been led to ask what they must do to be saved. In the length and breadth of our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, those who have been converted during the six years of her ministry, and now living consistent Christian lives, may be counted by thousands."

In *The Religious Herald* of Hartford, Conn., of February 3, is published a particularly able and interesting paper, read by Rev. M. M. Dana, of Norwich, Conn., before the General Conference of Congregational Churches, held at Middletown last November, on the "relation of our Churches to the spiritual wants of our age." From carefully-collected statistics, it gives a more encouraging representation of the progress of Protestant Christianity throughout the country, in its relation to the increase of population, than is sometimes taken. It discovers a more honest and consistent life, on the whole, in the Churches, an increased sympathy with all classes of the population, and an aggressiveness in its work peculiarly marking the present era. It properly criticizes the more conspicuous worldly tendencies of the hour in the Churches, but on the whole gives a very grateful and hopeful picture of the Evangelical Church of today, throughout the country. The paper would make a very profitable tract for general circulation.

The Young Men's Christian Association has issued a call for united prayer upon the evangelical efforts now put forth throughout the State. These have been greatly quickened by the remarkable work in Scotland. The Y. M. C. A. is now engaged in visiting, by an earnest delegation, with Mr. A. K. Burnett at its head, sixty of the chief cities and towns of the State, and special prayer is asked upon their labors. An appeal for this purpose, signed by conspicuous ministers and editors of all the evangelical Churches, has been generally circulated. We heartily hope and pray that the great work witnessed across the Atlantic may be repeated here.

Henry Ward Beecher has commenced his third series of Yale Lectures on Preaching before the theological students at Yale — the last he delivers under the Lyman Beecher Lectureship. They will be on the doctrines of the Bible. It is very generally thought that Mr. Beecher is not strictly sound on orthodoxy questions; and from his introductory remarks would be inferred that he was now to give to the world his views on some of the vital doctrines which he hardly accepts. His full course of twelve lectures, as reported by Ellwood, and revised by or under the direction of Mr. Beecher, is to appear this year in *The College Courant*

The Daily Constitution of Atlanta, in its editorial notice of the death of Dr. Cobleigh, says, "he was an earnest, conservative and consistent Christian; a terse and elegant writer, and an indefatigable laborer. He assumed the editorial management of the Advocate in June, 1872, and at once changed it from its antagonistic and objectionable ultraism to a dignified and conservative journal. He was largely increasing the usefulness of the Advocate, as well as the circle of its readers, and was winning the esteem of numbers. We have no objection to your sending men from the North, if you send such men he." His loss is a heavy one to the paper and to the denomination."

**Deaf Mutes.** — The revival of religion which commenced among the members of the United Society of Deaf Mutes, worshipping in French Place Chapel, Beacon Street, in this city, some weeks ago, shows no diminution of interest, but decided increase. Thus far, five have come to a knowledge of the faith and have expressed the same. Others are still inquiring the way, and the number is weekly added to. Renewed remembrance is asked in behalf of the Society on the part of all lovers of the cause of Christ.

The Rev. C. W. Cushing, having resigned as principal of Laselle Seminary, a committee of trustees has been appointed to provide a suitable person to fill the vacancy.

The Assistant Editor, in resuming his post, after some three weeks of severe illness, desires to express his sense of obligation under God, to his able and Christian medical attendant, Dr. Chas. Sturtevant, of Hyde Park, to whose skillful and prompt ministrations he attributes his escape from a long typhoidal attack. The quiet and favorable response of his prescriptions, from first to last, impressed us deeply with Dr. S.'s rare skill in wisely adapting his remedies to the critical phases of his patients. Dr. S. has generously given his services to the Consumptives' Home at Grove Hall for some months past, till his increasing business at home prevented.

#### NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

##### METHODIST.

**Massachusetts.** — For two and a half weeks union meetings have been held by the two Methodist, the Free Baptist and the Portland Street Baptist societies in Haverhill, under the direction of G. J. Fowler, the "evangelist." Services have been held morning, afternoon and evening, in the churches alternately, which have been largely attended. The result is a deep religious feeling throughout the community. Some of the evening meetings were often continued until one, two, and even three o'clock in the morning. Men and women seemed for a time carried away by religious fervor.

The Young Men's Christian Association has had several important business meetings recently. It is several hundred dollars in debt, caused in part by a course of lectures that winter, under their auspices, proving a failure financially, and in part by the dullness in business, many merchants and others who heretofore have contributed liberally to the support of the association finding it difficult to keep even their own religious societies from debt. Some of the members have thought it best to dissolve the organization, but at a meeting Monday evening it was decided not to do so, but to go forward, and take no backward steps. A committee was appointed to solicit aid from the members and citizens generally.

The gracious work in Harvard Street, Cambridge, quietly, steadily going on for the entire year, is increasing in interest and power. Every Sabbath evening, of late, seekers present themselves; and the entire Church is being pervaded by the spirit of revival. At the recent fourth quarterly Conference, the pastor, Brother McKeown, reported that during the year and ten months of his pastorate he had received to full membership by profession and letter, 118, and had taken on probation 84, most of whom, with scarcely an exception, had shown that their conversion was genuine.

The Lowell churches are not seriously affected by the panic. At Old St. Paul's, Rev. T. B. Smith, pastor, souls are being constantly converted. Rev. D. Dorecher has done a good work at the Central Church. Mrs. Van Cott spent several weeks in profitable labor in this church during the summer. Recently the pastor has been drawing large houses to listen to a series of Sunday-evening sermons on popular themes. Worth Street Church, under Rev. D. H. Elia, has, during the year, added some valuable members — the friends of the revival last winter. Some recent union services with St. Paul's have been of advantage to both churches. In Worthen Street more than twenty have presented themselves as seekers during the past week.

**South Shore.** — Methodism is more than holding its own in that peculiar hard field of the Old Colony bordering Boston Bay. At East Weymouth we have a strong Church, and Brother Elia is now holding promising extra meetings. Death has recently taken a darling babe from the pastor's home.

At Hingham there are evident signs of vitality. The incubus of their debt having been removed, the standing of Methodism has improved.

Rev. C. S. Nutter is laboring efficiently in Scituate, serving the second year as superintendent of public schools. A fine-toned bell and clock for the tower have recently been secured.

North Cohasset seems charged with the special mission of feeding the pampered appetites of the city people, who escape to her sweet shores every summer. Methodism thus represents herself to many who otherwise would never know her merits.

At East Abington, in the spirit of Isaac, they are digging "the wells of water which they had digged in the days of the fathers." Like him, too, in their third effort they find that "the Lord had made room for them." At the recent semi-centennial re-union, Dr. Pease preached, and at the conclusion a grand hymn on these parallel lines, was given on the church debt, upwards of \$1,000 being pledged. Brother Kendrick, of Providence, sent his check for \$100, and Brother Philip Reynolds, of North Bridgewater, a donation of one of his excellent cabinet organs. At the concert and sale \$330 were cleared. They recently obtained a good bell, and with a little help from abroad would now be greatly encouraged.

At South Abington a promising new movement is started, a wealthy gentleman having offered a hall warmed and lighted for Methodist preaching.

At Falmouth has been blessed with touchings of divine power. Brother Keyes, of Woburn, has been laboring there. The public conscience has been enlightened, the Church quickened, backsliders reclaimed, and sinners converted. Three persons were baptized last night, and the work goes bravely on. The Lord leadeth.

The Lord is very graciously pouring out His Spirit upon the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Springfield. There have been between thirty and forty conversions since the new year came in. The old man is 70 and the child of 12 years have alike found in Jesus just the Saviour they needed, while many men and their wives sought the Lord together, and together united with the Church. There have been about 100 accessions to the Church since last Conference. The congregations are large, the members encouraged, united, earnest and active. The good work still goes on.

The Lord continues to pour out His Spirit in Taunton. At the First Methodist Episcopal Church nearly 100 have professed pardon through the atoning blood of Christ, many of them heads of families. Rev. L. P. Cushman, of Lawrence, Mass., rendered the pastor efficient aid for one week.

The Central Methodist Episcopal Church is sharing largely in the previous revival spirit. Between 30 and 40 have already sought and found the Saviour. Still the interest deepens, and the work is spreading to the regions round about.

At North Bridgewater several have been converted since camp-meeting. It is fast becoming one of our first appointments. Brother House serves as representative this winter, and is abundant in labors. The Providence Conference convenes at this place, March 25.

Brother Phillips, of West Duxbury charge, organized a united effort of our pastors in holding four days' meetings. It has been a right ring, and has resulted in good. We need more of it in this hard Old Colony soil.

Our Church in Middleboro', Rev. S. J. Carroll, pastor, is enjoying a good revival interest; sixteen conversions have occurred, and the work still progresses.

The Methodist Churches on Cape Ann are closing the Conference year amid great prosperity. Rev. C. A. Merrill found the Society at Rockport sinking beneath a crushing debt, and without appealing to the "Church Aid Society," or proclaiming the poverty of his people to other churches, he rebuked and prayed day and night to save their Church; and notwithstanding the society was discouraged, and the business of the town very dull, yet he has succeeded in placing the society on a strong financial basis, also, greatly improved. At Newbury, many children and youth have died — the family of the pastor of the Methodist Church suffering from the disease, but none have died.

At Waterville, Me., is sharing in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Baptist and Methodist Churches have had meetings nearly every evening since New Year's, and wanderers have been restored, and sinners converted. Additions are made to the churches at each communion.

There is a great work going on at Pishon's Ferry, some ten miles from Waterville, 185 witnessing for Christ recently, after the sermon by the preacher.

At Somerset Mills the work is going on under Brother Gerry.

Brother R. B. Abbot is working hard, and enjoying prosperity at Fairfield.

A gracious revival is going on at Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner, the pastors assisted by Rev. Mr. Earle. All glory to Jesus.

The Portland District Ministerial Association held an interesting session in South Berwick, Feb. 3d. The previous evening a profitable social meeting was conducted by Rev. L. Luce, our Presiding Elder. Brother Luce stated that in a large number of the charges of his district, special outpourings of the Spirit and gatherings of souls were gladly denoting the hearts of God's people. In some, especially in the Congress Street Church, Portland, very powerful and extensive revivals are in progress.

Tuesday morning the Association was organized by the choice of L. Luce, president, and A. S. Ladd, secretary. The weather was unpropitious, the severest storm of the season was racing, and consequently the attendance was small. Carefully prepared essays were read by H. R. Mitchell, on "Do the Scriptures Teach a Final General Judgment?" J. Lord, on "The Humanity of Christ;" A. S. Ladd, on "Does Scientific Knowledge tend to Weaken the Faith of the Masses in the Scriptures?" J. Gibson, on "Was it Possible for Christ to Yield to Temptation and Sin?" — all which were sharply and yet kindly criticized. The material interests of the charge are also showing many signs of prosperity.

At a late quarterly meeting in Alburgh, the pastor, Rev. W. H. Hyde, reported 64 additions to the Church during the quarter.

It was voted that the pastors who shall be stationed another year at Kennebunk and Kennebunk Depot, with the Presiding Elder, shall be a committee to prepare a programme, and fix the time and place for the next session.

If the weather was cold, the hospitality of the South Berwick friends was warm. Bro. Mitchell is closing up a successful pastorate for the following week laid in about a large portion of the business part of the city, and the great money panic caused for several weeks an almost entire suspension of business. These have been felt severely by all our societies, yet our overflowing Churches, the great numbers seeking Christ and the higher and better life, and a general advance in our benevolent collections fill our hearts with thanksgiving to God, and indicate both spiritual and financial prosperity.

N. J. W.

Another auxiliary to the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has been organized. Notwithstanding the fearfully slippery sidewalks Wednesday evening, January 25, a goodly number assembled in the chapel where the Washington Street Church worship, to hear the workings of this society. Mrs. L. H. Daggett gave a sketch of its origin and operations; Mrs. B. B. Russell followed with well-chosen remarks upon the open field and woman's opportunity; Mrs. J. B. Lum, with a very forcible and practical address to the women to add to their home duties a helping hand for their hearth-sisters. Seventeen helpers were secured at a dollar each, and twenty-one *Heathen Women's Friend* subscribed for.

This auxiliary is devoted into the Ladies Sewing Society, and requires no extra meetings; and its able committee can give any items of interest, or readings at any circle, while its finances are especially arranged for. This is a decided advantage to both societies, giving the Sewing Circle entertainment, and the Missionary Society hearings. Try it, and get these women to help you in your field of labor.

Boston, Feb. 2.

An informal meeting held in the Methodist parsonage at Holyoke, January 25, a Preachers' Association was organized for the southern part of Springfield District. Brother Richardson, of Holyoke, was chosen president, and Brother Jagger, of South Hadley Falls, secretary. The object of the organization is mutual improvement, and meetings are to be held once a fortnight. The first regular meeting was held at Chopey's. Several brethren gave brief sketches of previous Sabbath sermons, which were followed by a discussion on the Resurrection. The next meeting will be held March 2, place not determined.

W. S. JAGGER, Secretary.

**Maine.** — Prof. Joel Wilson, the head of the normal department in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Kent's Hill, has accepted the principalship of Gorham Seminary, in place of Mr. Dodge, recently resigned.

Wednesday evening of last week, Rev. G. H. Newell delivered in the Y. M. C. A. course, entitled "The Great Course." The lecturer considered pluck and honesty the principles of true success, which were illustrated and enforced in his characteristic manner.

At East Abington, in the spirit of Isaac, they are digging "the wells of water which they had digged in the days of the fathers." Like him, too, in their third effort they find that "the Lord had made room for them." At the recent semi-centennial re-union, Dr. Pease preached, and at the conclusion a grand hymn on these parallel lines, was given on the church debt, upwards of \$1,000 being pledged. Brother Kendrick, of Providence, sent his check for \$100, and Brother Philip Reynolds, of North Bridgewater, a donation of one of his excellent cabinet organs. At the concert and sale \$330 were cleared. They recently obtained a good bell, and with a little help from abroad would now be greatly encouraged.

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Dr. E. Clark and Brother B. M. Eastman, with their wives, left February 15th, for California to be absent about three months. They go via the Isthmus, and return by the railroad. The prayers of the Church will ascend to God for their safety and restoration to health.

The last monthly meeting for the promotion of business was held at Pine Street, Portland, last Monday afternoon and evening. The meeting made prominent, consecration, purity and preparation to work for Christ. Rev. A. S. Ladd, of Biddeford, preached an excellent sermon.

Rev. B. Freeman, of Cape Elizabeth, reports several conversions in his Church since New Year's.

The Scandinavians of Portland have secured the services of Rev. Peter Smith, of Providence, R. I., who is laboring with great success among his countrymen. Arrangements have been made with the Y. M. C. A. to hold services for the present in the Association rooms.

The revival interest continues without abatement in the Congress Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland.

Strong is an increasing religious prosperity. Extra meetings are held, and several persons have become interested for the welfare of their souls, among them some heads of families. The Sunday-school is prospering finely. Nearly the whole parish attend its sessions.

At North Bridgewater several have been converted since camp-meeting. It is fast becoming one of our first appointments. Brother House serves as representative this winter, and is abundant in labors.

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The Lord continues to pour out His Spirit in Taunton. At the First Methodist Episcopal Church nearly 100 have professed pardon through the atoning blood of Christ, many of them heads of families. Rev. L. P. Cushman, of Lawrence, Mass., rendered the pastor efficient aid for one week.

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The Central Methodist Episcopal

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, March 1.  
First Quarter.

Lesson IX. Exodus xiv. 10-31.  
By L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

10 And the Angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood before them.

20 And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night.

21 And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

22 And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.

23 And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his host.

24 And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.

25 And took of their chariot wheels, that they drove them heavily; so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

26 And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horses.

27 And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

28 And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them.

29 But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.

30 Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore.

31 And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord and his servant Moses.

THE RED SEA.

For the sublimest exhibition of a meek, unruffled, magnanimous composure, see now the leader of Israel! No mortal was ever driven to such a crisis. The mountains, the sea, the approaching infuriated hosts of Pharaoh, and a seditious murmuring mob to manage. The courage and greatness that come alone from faith in God are equal to this hour. Such a man only could "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Though the sea least of all promised deliverance, yet, at Jehovah's command to go forward, he was ready to march in after its retiring waters.

The angel of God—removed, etc. This was the pillar of cloud, visible symbol of God. His agent or messenger is called an angel. Long had it been their guide and defense; but now, slowly and solemnly, it moves round from their front to their rear, exciting, no doubt, the astonishment of all Israel. Just now their greatest need was a defense in the rear; and the glory of the Lord became their reward. The Father of all appears to His people when and where He is most needed. Now and here He is an effectual barrier between them and their pursuers, protecting them and concealing their movements.

*It was a cloud and darkness to them.* This cloud now seems to have had two sides, one of brightness and one of darkness; and it had two purposes—to guide and cheer the dependent and confounding, and to confuse and overthrow the haughty and defiant. How like the Holy Scriptures and the preaching of the gospel; to one class of humble and penitential inquirers, a shining light and the cheering smile of Jehovah; but to those who ask, "What is the Almighty that I should serve Him?" the Bible and the pulpit are darkness and terror. "If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness" (Matt. vi. 23). A chosen darkness, amidst a blazing light, is the most unnatural and fatal. Men complain that they see no light for the soul in the Bible or for Christianity; but do such look for light, or for some flaw, or occasion to find fault, or to sneer? Pilate-like, men ask, "What is truth?" But they "cruelty" it as quickly when they see it, as he crucified Christ when he said, "I find no fault in him."

*The Lord caused the sea to go back.* This strange result was caused by a strong east wind, one of nature's powers, at God's command. The miracle was none the less obvious for that, as such a wind never before, nor since, produced anything like this result. The wind, uncontrolled by miraculous power, may drive the waters to, or from, the shore; but cannot divide them, so as to make "walls" on each side of dry ground. Though the exact point where they crossed the sea is not known, but from their place of encampment the general opinion is that they crossed where the sea was six or seven miles wide; and that all this vast multitude, with their luggage and herds, could have crossed in hardly less time than from six to eight hours. By this time their pursuers could have been in the middle of the channel. At this point the waters are supposed to have been some eighty or ninety feet deep. How chilling the supposition that any natural agent of wind or tide, without special omnipotent power and wisdom, could have wrought such a result! Had these results been only from the common operation of winds,

and tides, Pharaoh, understanding them well, would not have rushed into the arms of death. Moses in his song of triumph ascribes his victory to this miraculous wind: "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them" (chap. xv. 10).

And the waters were a wall unto them. It is contrary to the laws of fluids to stand erect like walls of ice, or, like mountains, to become a defense; which is additional proof of the miracle. "The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid. . . . Thy way is in the sea" (Ps. lxxvi. 16, 17). As the waters of the sea, which appeared to the Hebrews an insurmountable obstacle, yielded a dry passage, became a wall to them, and overwhelmed their enemies, so God turns all things into good for those who love and obey Him.

And the Egyptians pursued and went in after them. It is hardly probable that they knew they were rushing into the bed of the sea. The darkness of the night, with the dark side of the cloud turned toward them, and the noise of the flying hosts before them, were well calculated to decoy, as Providence no doubt intended. The time, the full time, in His mind for their entire destruction had come. Some suppose the Egyptians thought, as they went into the sea, that they were following the Israelites up the valley of Bodez, on their return to Egypt, bewildered in the darkness and confusion.

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